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The Pioneer Organ
of Anarchism

LIBERTY

October, 1906
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"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

LIBERTY

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"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excisemen, the graving-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

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Vol. XV—

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Vol. XV—No. 5 OCTOBER, 1906 Whole No. 395

ON PICKET DUTY

At Mr. Byington's request I print his article on "Government as a Spelling Reformer" in a spelling so simple that beside it Roosevelt's "simplified" method looks labyrinthine in its complexity. But let the nervous reader be reassured; I shall not repeat the offence. If there were no other motive, that of economy is sufficient. In orthography, strange to say, extreme simplicity is expensive, increasing the printer's bill some fifty per cent. However, I am not one of those who rave against Roosevelt for the stand he has taken in this matter. His orthographic initiative is perhaps the most harmless feature of his administration. My rage, rather, is against the American people, who have never shown their slavish Archistic temperament more plainly than by their readiness to sit up and take notice when a president of the United States, though a comparative ignoramus, assumes the *rôle* of educational leader, whereas for years real and qualified educational leaders have similarly appealed to them, but in vain.

Mr. Byington's supply of Anarchist stickers being exhausted, he has transferred to me the business of manufacturing and supplying them. Hereafter all the

stickers will be of the same size, but they will be issued in greater variety. I have retained nearly all the old ones, and have added new ones suggested by Mr. Byington and other friends, as well as some of my own choice. In all, there are now forty-eight. I am printing a million of them, and expect them to be ready for delivery early in October. They will be sold in perforated sheets, each sheet containing four copies of the same sticker. This method allows the purchase of any desired assortment, whereas it has been necessary heretofore to purchase all or none. The stickers will be numbered from 1 to 48, and a circular giving the entire list will be mailed to any address, on application. Moreover, the price has been reduced, owing to the greater cheapness of manufacture in large quantities. For one hundred stickers—that is, twenty-five sheets of four each, assorted to suit the purchaser—the price will be five cents, postage paid. For two hundred, or more, the price will be three cents per hundred, postage paid. To produce at these prices I have been obliged to invest a considerable sum of money, and, because of this, and because also of the extreme cheapness and effectiveness of this method of propagandism, I appeal to all Anarchists to purchase the stickers generously and use them profusely.

I want a canvasser for Liberty and my other publications. If I can secure the right man, I will pay him a salary of ten dollars per week, besides a commission of one-third on all subscriptions and sales. He must be a man of good appearance and address, able to

command respect and attention wherever he may go; he must be a thoroughly well-grounded believer in Anarchism; he must be a faithful and enthusiastic worker; and must be prompt, accurate, and reliable in his business methods and dealings. I do not expect that he will be able to do sufficiently well to make his work profitable to me in any other sense than that of helpfulness to the cause; but, whatever the loss may be, I shall charge it to advertising. The loss cannot exceed the salary paid. Every dollar's worth sold will decrease that loss and increase the canvasser's earnings. I believe that such a canvasser can earn fifteen dollars a week, salary included. Perhaps he can earn twenty; at that point his work would begin to be profitable to me. If any reader of Liberty would like the position, I shall be pleased to listen to his application.

If any wish to contribute to the fund for placing a memorial tablet on the house at Bayreuth in which Max Stirner was born (see, on another page, the call issued by John Henry Mackay), they may do so through Liberty, if they prefer. Such contributions will be announced in the number to appear December 1. I think this project far more important than the placing of the tablet on the house in Berlin in which Stirner died or even the placing of the slab over Stirner's grave. The grave-slab and the Berlin tablet are rarely seen by people likely to be interested, whereas Bayreuth, because of the Wagner festivals, will be, for years and years to come, a Mecca for liberal-minded people the world over; and, as Bayreuth is a small place and the sojourners there have very little to

do, it is sure that a goodly proportion of them will find the Stirner tablet, and become aware that such a man as Stirner once lived, and read his wonderful book.

The Chicago "Evening Post" notices my new catalogue, paying especial attention to the advertisement of Liberty therein and quoting several of the "appreciations." But it could not bear the thought of a Chicago judge commending an Anarchistic periodical, and so it garbled the sentiment uttered by Judge Edward Osgood Brown, who "contents himself," says the "Post," "with the rather equivocal statement that Liberty is 'an almost unique publication'." Of course, if this were the whole of Judge Brown's statement, it would be equivocal. But, taken as a whole, what he said was absolutely unequivocal: "I have seen much in Liberty that I agreed with, and much that I disagreed with, but I never saw any cant, hypocrisy, or insincerity in it, which makes it an almost unique publication." That is to say, Liberty is unique because it is sincere, nearly all the other periodicals in the United States, including the Chicago "Evening Post," being more or less insincere. And the "Evening Post" could hardly have established its own insincerity better than by its garbling of Judge Brown's remark, with the intent of making its readers believe that the remark was not a compliment to Liberty, but a slur.

A good deal of discussion of the various cures for Anarchism has been admitted of late to the columns of the New York "Times," including a significant let-

ter from "Constant Reader," who, deprecating Bonaparte's whipping-post as antiquated and cruel, proposed instead that the patriotic manufacturers of the country unite in a huge boycott of Anarchist workmen, which he thinks could be made effective in spite of the fact, frankly acknowledged, that many employers would be reluctant to sacrifice their pecuniary interests to their patriotic duty, as would be so often necessary, the Anarchist workman being as a rule the skilful workman. I do not often bother the newspapers with letters, but it occurred to me that here was an opportunity to be improved. So I addressed to the "Times" a brief and thoroughly unobjectionable letter, in which I expressed satisfaction that, after so many invasive remedies for Anarchism, at last we had been offered an Anarchistic remedy for Anarchism. I pointed out that the boycott and the blacklist were preeminently Anarchistic weapons and had been steadily championed by Anarchists from the first; and, as an Anarchist, I offered a guarantee that, should the proposed boycott be attempted, every Anarchist in the country, though condemning the object, would applaud the method and accept the issue. But I also argued that the plan would prove a failure, not only because of the employers' selfish reluctance (foreseen by "Constant Reader") to dismiss the most skilful workmen, but because the majority of employers are, in my opinion, too much in love with fair play to be willing to substitute incompetent patriots for reliable and industrious Anarchists, not a few of them, indeed, being already puzzled by the query whether the political philosophy held by their most competent

workmen may not, after all, be the true political philosophy. The "Times" did not print my letter. Can any one guess why?

It is not surprising that Secretary Bonaparte favors the whipping-post for Anarchists. In the eyes of a member of the family of the greatest murderer the world has ever seen no punishment can be too severe for those who dare to mention rope in the house of the hangman.

Henry Holt, the publisher and novelist, is a humaner man than Bonaparte. Instead of hanging and flogging, he proposes outlawry, for Anarchists. He is enamored of his cure, and can't understand the indifference of the sapient editors thereto. It seems that he has suggested it once or twice before, but without attracting much notice. But he is none the less convinced of its greatness, and he tells us that, if Anarchists had brains, they would clamor for it themselves. He explains his cure as follows:

> It is this—take the Anarchist at his word—apply to him the *argumentum in hominem*, not only to his intellect, if he has any, but to his person and his pocket—if he has any. He wishes government done away with. All right. As far as he is concerned, give him his desire. When he is convicted of having favored the abolition of government, as far as he is concerned let there be no government. Leave his defence of his person and property entirely to himself. Outlaw him. If any man or gang of men rob him or beat him, let him have no recourse to police or court. If any one kill him, let him feel, while he lives, that his murderer will go scathless.

Now, brother Holt, the Anarchists have sufficient intelligence not only to accept a cure which gives them

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what they profess to desire, but to puncture a quack cure and expose a shallow pretender who gives himself airs and imposes on the metropolitan editors. Do you really propose outlawry, complete and honest, or do you propose "jug-handled outlawry"? You would withhold protection; well and good. Would you allow the non-aggressive outlaw to protect himself, to associate with other Anarchists for self-protection? Would you permit him to occupy and use land, to buy and sell, to give and receive credit, to deal freely with all who voluntarily dealt with him? If your answer is "yes," you have indorsed the Anarchistic contention as to the right to ignore the State; you have, indeed, accepted Anarchism. If your answer is "no," then you are a quack, and are not giving the Anarchists what they profess to desire. You would aggress upon them, deprive them of the means of livelihood and protection, while denying them the small and poor protection in which you find the *raison d'être* of the State. Whenever you will guarantee that the State shall cease to rob us, we will take the chance of being robbed otherwise.

Chicago has been having a little pure-food crusade. Her food inspectors have been unusually active, thanks to Mayor Dunne's revolutionary indifference to "business interests." A very moderate newspaper thus sums up the results of the first week of the campaign:

> That spoiled meats, rotten fruits, putrid fish, decayed canned goods, rancid butter, and similar nauseous substances have a market value, that they are "reprocessed" or "doctored" or otherwise treated and then are offered for sale to consumers or

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> are served up as free lunch in saloons, is a startling discovery. Mr. Murray's investigations have brought to light places where large quantities of stuff little better than offal and garbage were stored up to be prepared for sale.

No one is innocent enough to think that the Chicago grocers and merchants are exceptionally wicked and abandoned wretches. But, if similar conditions exist in other cities, where, oh! where, is that worship of Law which my friend Wood of Oregon has made the basis of his whole philosophy of marriage and sexual relations? That the poisoners passionately invoke the law, and Law generally, when their interests may be served thereby, I am willing to believe. That, however, is a rather peculiar form of "worship" of Law.

Speaking of law, what of the persistent and systematic dodging of taxes on personal property, and of the wholesale lying and perjury that accompany it? Would a nation of worshippers of Law also be a nation of liars, perjurers, and dodgers of law-imposed taxes? Another nut for Mr. Wood to crack.

One of the most impressive supporters of law and order was the late Marshall Field, "the merchant prince" and multi-millionaire. Once a year or so he would proclaim the great discovery that all our ills were the result of contempt for and non-enforcement of the law. As regularly all the newspapers would write grave editorials echoing the profound wisdom of the great man and great advertiser. Now Chicago knows that Field failed to pay taxes on millions of property

and sent his lawyers to lie about his taxable wealth and insist on a small assessment. A typical champion and worshipper of Law was Field.

One fact, however, has recently come to light which Mr. Wood is fairly entitled to cite in support of his theory. It is said that, when William Jennings Bryan lately arrived at this port from foreign parts, he needlessly declared dutiable goods on which the customs officials taxed him five hundred dollars. Mr. Bryan believes that the tariff is robbery, but he believes it to be his duty to help legal robbers to rob him. This is Law-worship,—the real article. And, as that excellent organ of free trade, the "Public," speaks admiringly of Mr. Bryan's act, I suppose I must concede to Mr. Wood another worshipper of Law in the person of Mr. Louis F. Post.

Bryan's threatened extension of governmentalism is driving the friends of governmentalism as it is to strange admissions. It never will do to entrust the operation of the railroads to governmental inefficiency, declares the secretary of the treasury; and, to enforce his remarks, he adds:

> There are over 20,000 public servants, exclusive of presidential appointees, under the direct supervision of the department at the head of which I have the honor to temporarily preside. They are a good, conscientious, painstaking body of men and women, and yet, if the treasury department were a private enterprise, every whit as much work could be accomplished with a reduction of one-third in number and one-fourth in the salary of those remaining. The condition is not to be charged to civil service rules and regulations, of which I most heartily approve, but to the inherent nature of public service.

No Anarchist has ever said more. If Secretary Shaw's statement be true, it applies as forcibly to the post office department as to the treasury. If the efforts to extend the sphere of government shall continue to extort such confessions from the administrators of government, the foes of government can afford to preserve a blissful silence and let things take their course.

Bryan's "Letters to a Chinese Official"—a reply to the clever Englishman who three years ago created a stir by an anonymous publication purporting to have been written by a Chinese student of western civilization and Christianity—are a conventional, commonplace defence of "American ideals," and have pleased the Philistines whose "ideals" are of the Sancho Panza variety. I have no intention of criticising this production, but one sample of its wisdom calls for a word or two. The suggestion that Confucius forestalled the "Christian" golden rule offends Bryan, and he finds "a world of difference" between the precept, "What you do not want done unto yourself, do not do unto others," and the Christian precept. He says:

> The man who obeys Confucius will do no harm, and that is something; the harmless man stands upon a higher plane than the man who injures others. But "do" is the positive form of the rule, and the man who does good is vastly superior to the merely harmless man. One can stand on the bank of a stream and watch another drown without lifting a hand to aid, and yet not violate the "do not" of Confucius, but he will violate the "do" of Christ.

There is a difference between the negative statement

of a rule and its positive statement, as Spencer contended in his observations on Kantian ethics. But the Bryan illustration is absurd. If it is no violation of the "do not" of Confucius to watch a man drown, it can only be because man wants such watching done unto himself. Is this conceivable? Does the average man want his fellows to see him drown without lifting their hands? Does man want injustice, unkindness, harshness, neglect unto himself? The fact is, the negative precept covers not only justice, but a good deal of negative and positive beneficence. It is different from the positive precept in that it is, generally speaking, a characteristic expression of a passive philosophy and passive attitude, whereas the "do" precept indicates an actual, "strenuous" attitude toward life. And, of course, an active attitude will yield more positive beneficence in a perfect state of society than a passive one —just as it yields more aggression in an imperfect society. Bryan's studies of the Orient, like his studies of the Christian civilization of the west, are still in the kindergarten stage.

Speaking of a most excellent decision rendered by Judge Stafford, of a District of Columbia court, in which the boycott is upheld without qualification, the New York "Times" says that it is a new doctrine that acts lawful for an individual do not become unlawful when done by agreement between a number of persons. Hardly new; Liberty has been advocating it for quarter of a century. The "Times" doubts if it will stand, "since the combination of a number to destroy a man's business is, necessarily, different in its

effect from the efforts of single persons." By a parity of reasoning, then, the law must create a further distinction between the acts of single persons, for, when a manufacturer is boycotted by an individual consumer whose purchases amount to a million a year, the effect is necessarily different from that which follows a boycott by a consumer whose purchases amount to only a hundred a year. John Wanamaker and I are advertisers in the "Times." If I withdraw my advertising, the "Times" will not feel it; if Wanamaker withdraws his, it will be a heavy blow,—conceivably a fatal one. According to the doctrine of the "Times," then, I should be allowed to boycott it with impunity, but, if John Wanamaker should attempt such a thing, he must be adjudged a criminal. Is there any length or depth of nonsense or sophistry to which a newspaper organ of tyranny and privilege will refuse to go?

The receiver of the Philadelphia trust company that banked on Presbyterianism is of opinion that all religious denominations should be represented on boards of directors, and thinks even that "a conservative infidel of business reputation might be a good man to have on the board." Extraordinary admission, isn't it? from the home of Stephen Girard.

With Bernard Shaw spitting in the face of the German Socialists because they persistently refuse to assume the responsibilities of office, and with the German Socialists, through the mouth of Gorky, spitting in the face (here I use Gorky's own phrase) of France because French bankers continue to lend money to the

czar, and with the French Socialists spitting in the face of Gorky because he has spit in the face of France, and with Voltairine de Cleyre also spitting in the face of Gorky because he has also spit in the face of Anarchy (which, by the way, is not the face of Voltairine de Cleyre), the London, Berlin, Paris, New York, and Philadelphia boards of health, if they intend to enforce the laws against expectoration in public places, are likely to have a lively time of it.

The arguments advanced by Mr. Swartz in his article on the Congo in this issue are not to be disputed; nevertheless the fact remains that, if compulsory taxation is to be practised, the tax in labor is the best of all forms, if imposed impartially. It settles the perplexing problem of incidence straight off: it does away with tax-dodging; and its effect is Anarchistic. Once John D. Rockefeller is forced to break stone for forty hours every month, whether in prison or out of it, the trusts, and with them the monopolies on which they rest, and with these compulsory taxation and the State itself, will go by the board.

The New York "Times" quotes with seeming approval the following sentence from Balzac: "To say to a man: 'You shall work but so many hours a day,' is to cut down his time, to encroach on human capital." But, unless I am mistaken, the "Times" approves Sunday legislation, and has written approvingly of the recent establishment in France of a compulsory weekly day of rest. Will it condescend to tell me why it is more an encroachment on human capital

to say to a man, "You shall work but so many hours a day," than to say to him, "You shall work but so many days a week"?

Alexander Herzen, professor of physiology at Lausanne, died last August. He was a son of the famous Herzen, one of the early disciples of Proudhon. It is interesting to know that, though never active in politics, he remained faithful to his father's political and social ideas. The property of the family was confiscated in 1847. Later Alexander III offered to restore it to young Herzen on condition that he write in condemnation of his father's ideas. The offer was refused.

An Anarchistic surprise comes to us from Socialist New Zealand. The government has put forward land proposals which, if enacted, will compel all owners to sell within ten years the excess of land held beyond $250,000 unimproved value, and prevent the present owners of one thousand acres of first-class land or five thousand acres of second-class land from adding to their estates either by freehold or leasehold. This looks far in the direction of the "occupancy and use" theory, and is more libertarian than the Single Tax.

I am pleased to see that my friend Bolton Hall, who, by lending his name, has done rather more than his share to make yellow journalism popular, has at last become thoroughly disgusted with the horrible Hearst. But the fact that it has taken so long a time to develop this nausea in Mr. Hall's organism is proof to me that he has a strong stomach and weak eyes.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE CONGO

In July, 1904, the king of Belgium appointed a commission to investigate the conditions existing in that country's territory in Africa. Leopold was practicall driven to do this by pressure brought to bear by the British government, which was, in turn, forced to act by the complaints of missionaries and travellers in the Congo territory. Everybody knew perfectly well that the commission was sent down there merely on a whitewashing expedition, and no other result was anticipated. Now there is no doubt that the whitewash was spread on thickly, but the things that show through are so glaring that one wonders what could have been covered up.

The report of this commission was made to the king in the latter part of last year. I have not seen the report in its original form, and the English translation (though bearing the imprint of of a prominent New York publishing house) is such a bad one and bears so many signs of having been done by some person not wholly master of the English language that it is difficult sometimes to make perfectly sure of the meaning intended. However, I shall take the report for what it apparently means.

The first thing that forces itself upon the reader's attention is the perfectly naive way in which the commission takes as a matter of course certain acts of government which civilized people for some decades have pretended to reprehend; although there are instances when the commission has deemed it necessary to apologize. Speaking of the land system and how it affects

the natives, the commission says:

> It thus happens, sometimes, that not only have the natives been prohibited from moving their villages, but they have been refused permission to go, even for a time, to a neighboring village without a special permit. The native, moving to another village without being provided with the requisite authority, makes himself liable to arrest, and occasionally is subjected to punishment.

The justification for this is that the State owns the lands, and that it can do as it pleases with its own. It merely condescends to permit the native to occupy a certain portion of it, and that only for purposes of cultivation; "all of the natural products of the land are considered as being the property of the State or of the companies holding the concessions." Thus we see that the native is allowed access to the soil only by sufferance, and that (as we learn further on) only because the labor of the native is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the white people there.

The question of taxation was really the most important with which the commission had to deal, and more space in its report is devoted to that than to any other subject. Here are a few excerpts from its "Justification of Labor Taxation," in some respects the most remarkable document that has been given to the world since the Stamp Act:

> The white man, if he can become acclimated, can only with difficulty become able to endure the hard labor of the farmer and of the workman, and that too in a few favorable localities. . . .
> It is only, therefore, in making of labor a duty that one can educate the native to furnish regular service and obtain the aid necessary to give value to the country, exploit its natural wealth, to profit, in a word, from its resources. It is at this price only

that one can cause the Congo to enter upon the movement towards modern civilization, and snatch its population from the condition of bonda[illegible] barbarism in which they have rested until the present. .

Now the only r[illegible]t the disposal of the State by which the native can be made to work is the imposition of a tax in labor; and it is precisely in view of the necessity of assuring to the State the indispensable labor of native hands that a tax in labor is justifiable in the Congo. . . .

The principle by virtue of which the State demands of its citizens, in the public interests, not only a contribution in the shape of money or products, but also personal service,—individual labor,—is admitted by European codes. The obligation of military service weighs heavily upon almost the entire male population of Continental Europe, and the laws clearly recognize in certain cases that the State and even the communes have the right to call upon their citizens for personal labor on works of public interest. For still greater reasons, this tax should be regarded as legitimate in a young State where everything is to be created, in a new country without other resources than those which can be drawn from the native population.

I have quoted at this length in order not to run the risk of doing an injustice either to King Leopold or to his commission. I cannot refrain from pointing out, however, a few flaws in this royal scheme of philanthropy, especially in regard to the last paragraph quoted above. Of course, to one who does not believe in any sort of compulsory taxation, the difference between the European custom and that of the Congo is one of degree only; but it seems to me that the justifier of military conscription must recognize that, in Europe, such service is exacted for a definite and limited period only, comprising only a small part of the life of the citizen, while in the Congo the conscription is for life. It is true, the labor tax in the case of the Congo native is nominally only forty hours per month; but it must be borne in mind that he must

board himself and his family, and besides he has only what he can grow for this purpose, since he is not permitted to use any of the natural products of the soil. The forty-hours-per-month tax is, moreover, in most cases, virtually perpetual slavery, since it is frankly admitted by the commission that the forty hours of labor must be performed at such distance from home that the time consumed in transporting the product of the labor to the government post represents practically all the rest of the native's time. To the mind of this whitewashing commission, however, the fact that the native spends all his spare time in traveling to and from his work and delivering the product is of no importance, since he, "outside of the time spent in working for the State, passes the greater part of it in idleness." Of course, idleness is a virtue in those only who live off the labor of others. The commission overlooked the further fact that, in the Congo territory, the State does not treat the white settler on an equality with the native in the matter of taxation. If it required of the former practically all of his time, there might be at least a contention that all the people in the territory are impartially enslaved.

I am sure that the following peroration of the commission, on the subject, is such a beautiful piece of reasoning that my readers will forgive me for quoting it:

A law, therefore, which imposes upon the native light and regular work is the only means of giving him the incentive to work; while it is an economic law, it is at the same time a humanitarian law. It does not lose the last-named character because it imposes some compulsion upon the native. To civilize a race means to modify its economic and social condition, its intellec-

tual and moral status; it is to extirpate its ideas, customs, and habits, and substitute in the place of those of which we disapprove the ideas, habits, and customs which are akin to ours; it is, in a word, to assume the education of a people. All education which concerns a child or an inferior race necessarily inflicts a curtailment of liberty.

The remarkable thing about this is, to my mind, that it has attracted so little attention. It contains a brutal frankness to which even our own Roosevelt has not attained. I commend it to him as an example for the United States to follow in its "education" of the Filipinos.

Sometimes the native gets tired of working for the State, and seeks freedom in flight. For this the State is fully prepared. It has drilled a certain number of the most warlike natives as soldiers, and it sends a detachment of these after the fugitives. These latter are usually captured, but are brought back to the post only in parts,—a hand, foot, head, or some of the organs serving to show that the runaway was overtaken. The commission gently deplores this, and suggests that it be remedied; but it points out that "the native can understand and respect nothing but might"; and therefore:

> Without doubt, he ought to yield to the inflexible law of labor which civilization imposes upon him. The more he advances on the highway of progress, the more he will be obliged to work, and, if some day his condition should approach our social status, he will have, like the Europeans, to work, not only to pay his taxes, but also to live.
>
> With us, the great majority of the entire population must gain their livelihood by labor, and those who refuse to submit to this law have no other refuge than starvation, the prison, or the poorhouse.

If the rules of logic still hold sway, the inference to

be drawn from the former of these two paragraphs is that the Congo native would not have to work merely to live; it is only for the higher privilege of paying his taxes that he is reduced to that necessity. By direct reasoning, therefore, the latter paragraph leads us to conclude that, before the advent of the white man, the native had no difficulty in avoiding starvation, prisons, and poorhouses. With what envy he must, then, look upon his more fortunate European brother, who has to work, "not only to pay his taxes," but also to keep himself from hunger, jails, or beggary!

Since I have started out to do exact justice, I must not forget to mention that the State (or its concessionaries) pretends to pay the natives for this enforced labor; but it is usually in commodities that the native finds of no use or value to him. In some localities the native is taxed so many *croisettes* (a kind of currency) in lieu of labor, and, in order to obtain these croisettes, the native is obliged to work for the rubber company. Hence:

> The quantity of rubber which the company requires in exchange for the croisette is left more or less arbitrary. More than that, the person who is in charge of the factory, and knows a native will not work after he has secured the number of croisettes necessary to pay his impost, is careful most of the time to pay the native in some sort of merchandise other than croisette.

The native's idea of the value of this alleged remuneration is likewise best stated in the commission's own words, which show that the native clearly realizes that he is a slave:

In the region of the station of Stanleyville the blacks offered to an agent of a Dutch firm to surrender completely the remuneration which had been allowed them, on condition that the company would reduce to one-half the quantity of rubber demanded.

The only condition in the Congo territory that causes any uneasiness or alarm to King Leopold or his concessionaries is the question of depopulation. The natives are gradually being exterminated, and this in spite of the fact that Leopold prides himself on having "rescued" the country from the Arab slave traders and from the institutions of human sacrifice and cannibalism. Prior to the establishment of Belgium's "benevolent assimilation," the increase in population kept pace even with the ravages of the slave traders and with the domestic demands for human life and flesh. now, however, it is playing a losing game against the European diseases introduced, the excessive labor imposed by the government, and the slaughter by native soldiery in the so-called "punitive" expeditions, to say nothing of the fact that the natives are in many cases ceasing to have children in order to be unencumbered with them when they have to flee before a military expedition.

Now, if all this is what the commission has said (in bare, bald terms, in many cases), what may it not have left unsaid? Whatever that may be, the king has felt himself obliged to promise some reforms for the territory; but these, as enumerated in the daily press a few months ago, are merely pretended, and will still leave the way open for the same old abuses, since the only interest to be considered or conserved in

the Congo is that of the king of Belgium. With this in view, of what use is it for Leopold to consider the native, except to preserve him for work for the State? It is all bluff to pretend that the natives will hereafter be engaged only "as free laborers," for neither the king of Belgium or anybody else has yet found any inducement for the native to work—except the divine right of kings and its corollary, force. And Leopold, who went to bless and remained to prey, knows how to exercise his rights. C. L. S.

GOVERNMENT AZ A SPELLING REFORMER

Certainly no one who takes an international view can doubt that spelling reform iz in the air. The Germans started at the beginning of the century; they had done a fairly good job of reform in 1880 and thereabouts, but, besidez the normal incompleteness of such thingz, it sufferd from such defects az that the schoolz of the different German-speaking powerz taught different systemz of spelling, and that the officialz of the Prussian government wer expressly forbidden to uze in any official buziness the spelling which the same Prussian government commanded to be taught exclusively in all public schoolz. But in 1901 the powerz got together in an Ortl--graphical Conference, and agreed on a spelling which doez away with the writing of "th" for "t" in any nativ German word, practically settlz the principl that ther* ar

*It iz the traditional privilege of everybody who writes on the subject of spelling reform, whether in a friendly or a hostil way, to spel hiz articl on that subject az he choozez. I am here trying the looks in print of certain changez which hav seemd to me to be the logical first steps toward a really

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twenty-seven letterz in the German alphabet, and makes other simplificationz. In order to get readier acceptance, a large number of alternativ spellingz wer allowd. The printerz, who recognized that it waz nonsense to talk of not accepting the new system, rose in armz against the alternativz: for a printer alwayz hates alternativz. Therefore the German Union of Book-Printers, the Imperial League of Austrian Employing Book-Printerz, and the Union of Swiss Employing Book-Printerz, put their handz to the work, and produced a printerz' system which annihilated all duplicate spellingz for the same word with the same pronunciation, choozing almost invariably the more "advanced" form where the official list allowd alternativz; and the various German governments in their later word-lists hav followd the printerz' lead, tho with disagreements in detail from the printerz and from each other. I hav myself, as proof-reader on numerous German school-books, been uzing the new spelling about three yearz, az ordered by my employerz, and books with spellingz like "thun" or "thor" look a littl queer to me now. I believ the new system iz in general found to work wel where used, az it doez in my work.

Then the nation with the worst spelling in Europe, except English, took a turn. A wealthy Frenchman haz for some yearz been giving the French spelling-reformerz a subvention, and at length they got the

effectiv reform; and, if I am leaving off my superfluous silent e'z in general, I shal distinguish between "there", meaning "in that place", and "ther", meaning nothing but existence, az I do in speaking. I am very glad, too, to be abl to distinguish them; it would help the clearness of the language if we could distinguish them everywhere.

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minister of public instruction interested. He appointed a commission of grammarianz, educatorz, etc., to make recommendationz in the matter. The commission recommended pretty sweeping reformz, tho some scholarz criticize it for not being radical enough. The minister of instruction, however, when he saw the recommendationz, wrinkld hiz browz and sent the report to the Academy for advice. Ther iz not at prezent any grammarian among the memberz of the Academy, tho one of its official dutiz iz to prepare a grammar, which it has never found time to do since it waz founded. The Academy brought in a report on the report, in which it doubtless felt that it waz making extensiv concessionz to the spirit of reform, and did in fact concede enough to make unpleasant reading for the partizanz of rock-bound conservatizm; but the Academy's report was raked from bow to stern by the reformerz' gunz for the gross inconsistenciz which rezulted from its timidity. The secretary of the Academy, who had performed the duty of drawing up the report on the Academy'z behalf, himself wrote against the report and in the reformerz' favor, and indulged in some personal badinage against the man who drew up such a weak report; he said it waz permissible for him to be unceremonious with that man. Then the minister of education appointed another committee, representing both the Academy and the reformerz, to report on both the other reports; and it haz now reported that "g" with the soft sound, and "ge" before a vowel, shal everywhere be changed to "j", spelling "jens", "gajure", etc.; that nearly all doubl consonants which sound like singl consonants shal be speld

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singl; that all words derived from the Greek shal be speld phonetically, bringing French into practical coincidence with Italian and Spanish az to theze wordz; that all pluralz hitherto made with "x" shall be made with "s" instead; and sundry minor changez. According to my latest information, it iz understood that this report will be put in effect, without waiting for any fourth committee to report on it.

Next the Zuluz took hold. They hav held two orthographical conferencez for the purpos of settling Zulu orthography, and have come to an agreement on all points save the chief point of all, which waz (I can best make it clear by a French analogy) whether to write "Je ne vous ai pas aimé" or "Jenevousaipasaimé." On this point the nativez and the dictionary-makerz wer for consolidation, while the educatorz and the book-writerz wer for separation; and it waz impossible to get either agreement or compromize. But the rest of Zulu orthography iz now regulated by agreement.

Next our own language fallz into line. The reformerz get Carnegie to lend them a hand, and, with hiz money to pay campaign expensez, they start a fresh boom for an enlarged edition of the lists of spellingz that Funk & Wagnalls got part of the public to adopt some few yearz ago. The prezent-day public feelz uncertain, however, whether the movement haz behind it anybody but Carnegie, the public being familiar with the multi-millionaire'z name but unfamiliar with the namez of the professorz, writerz, etc., in whoze handz he has put this bit of money—except Mark Twain, whoze name they do not accept az a guarantee of seriousness. Now

One man for an instant
Strode out before the crowd.

Roosevelt ordered hiz printer in the government printing office to uze the Simplified Spelling Board formz in all matter printed to Roosevelt's order; and the public listend. Roosevelt's bitterest enemiz must acknowledg* that no man in the country can blow a trumpet more sonorously than he; and apparently that waz what the reformerz needed. The question of spelling reform iz before the eyz of the American peopl now az never before.

Yet this iz about all that Roosevelt haz yet accomplisht,—to bring it before the eyz of the peopl. The peopl blink at it, and each one watchez to see hiz neighbor try it, without thinking of trying it himself. The paperz ar, to begin with, remarkably unanimous in oppozing all change, whether wize and well-pland or erratic, whether strongly supported or sporadic. And now the Democratic paperz ar against Roosevelt as a Republican; a good number of Republican paperz ar against him az an overbearing man who triez to run too many thingz, who iz in general to be supported, but who puts himself in the way of wholesom disciplin when he triez to run the nation'z spelling; and the paperz that ar Roosevelt's hearty supporterz ar so much in the habit of good-naturedly laughing at him that now, being also in the habit of laughing at spelling reform, they see in hiz prezent action simply

*If "acknowledgment" and "kedgree", why not "acknowledg"? Dr. Murray has been leading a forlorn reaction in favor of "acknowledgement", "judgement", etc., on the ground that a rule of English forbidz "g" to be soft except before certain vowelz. Let us rather insist that "dg" iz alwayz soft except before vowelz.

a first-class opportunity for a newzpaper laugh. What wil come of it I cannot say; history iz being made az I write, and doubtless my record of facts wil look antiquated when it iz printed. But one thing iz clear: this reform, to which the general public haz heretofore given no attention except for the purpose of laughter, needed nothing so badly az serious public attention: and Roosevelt, despite the public habit of laughing at him, haz brought it more of this serious public attention than it haz ever had before within my knowledg. The report that the public printer at Washington findz it necessary, in response to an urgent popular demand, to sell at twenty-five cents each a great number of copiz of the list which the Simplified Spelling Board sendz free to all applicants, iz eloquent.

It waz antecedently to be expected that government would hav a finger in such a pi; and it iz obvious that in the prezent case it haz put in more than one finger. In Germany, the classic land of government regulation of thingz in general, the State haz taken the direction of the whole change from the start, tho private enterprize waz first to reduce the State's scheme to a more convenient and efficient form. Correspondingly, Germany seemz to be the place where the change iz going into effect with the least friction and the least inconvenience to the public. For, as Plato remarkt in hiz time, ther iz no place wher a wholesale reform can be so readily put thru az in a despotizm. Plato'z dictum certainly requirez limitationz: first, you must get your despot on the right side; second, you must make sure that the reform iz not so unpopular az to

shake hiz power; and, third, you must make sure that he haz hiz governmental engin in good running order: all thezе three must coincide. The third factor, the rarest of the three, probably did not prezent itself to Plato'z mind at all, becauz inefficient despotizmz wer practically unknown in Greece; az soon as a despot's power showd any weakness, it waz the habit of the Greeks to put down the despotizm by armd force, and, if possibl, kill the despot; Plato had no conception of such a rust-ocracy az the Russia of to-day, tho he might hav seen such a thing half grown in Persia, if he had been an observing reformer, instead of a theorizing one. But in Germany the engin that Bismarck put in order haz not yet grown too rusty to grind out a great lot of work, and its fly-wheel carriz spelling reform thru at a single stroke of the punch.

In America the case iz different. We hav the disunion of liberty without its flexibility, the restrictivness of despotizm without its potency. It iz almost impossibl to expect success for a spelling reform in America against the oppozition of the public schoolz —and apathy iz oppozition in such a matter. The public schoolz ar under the control of the State legislaturez; or, in thoze placez where local or county authoritiz ar not bard by law from independent action, it iz almost incredibl that they should dare move in such a matter without an initiativ of the legislature, and, if they did so, it iz almost certain that the next session of the legislature would take away from them the powerz which they uzed with such independence. Spelling reform iz exclusively a movement of educated peopl, for several reasonz. First, when a man'z own

education haz not got far enough to include very much besidez the spelling-book, he feelz a great respect for that spelling-book that constitutes so large a part of all he waz ever taught. Second, if a man iz not sure of hiz reputation for education, he iz afraid hiz neighborz wil think he cannot spel the hard way, if he advocates an eazier way of spelling. Third, new formz in reading ar a greater difficulty to him who doez not read eazily anyhow than to him who doez; tho in this respect I think it wil eventually be found that "American humor" haz done the reform a real service by familiarizing the man in the street with the practis of reading English in various spellingz, most of them better than the one he waz taught in school. Fourth, ther iz the reverence of narrow mindz for matterz of form; and, fifth, the general conservatizm of theze same narrow mindz. All theze reazonz make it improbabl that a legislature controld by a popular majority wil be found very favorabl to spelling reform, even if the educated ar proportionately reprezented. Now ad the fact that it iz customary for the educated to neglect the State legislature and devote their political activity to the attainment of perfection in national and city government—where they ar not yet on the verge of getting perfection. Consider what a State legislature actually looks like, and see how soon they ar going to take an interest in spelling reform.

I am painting in all the shadowz and leaving out the lights, I know. The New York regents ar a body of educated men who hav power to order that pupilz in the public schoolz of that State shal not be

markt wrong on their examinationz for uzing the simplified spellingz, and I hav the impression that one of the Simplified Spelling Board iz, or waz, head of the regents. Then it iz possibl in other States to get a recommendation from the superintendent of schoolz or somebody, and to hypnotize the legislature—perhaps—with that recommendation. Still, with all gleamz of hope that can be found, it remainz substantially tru that the public school system haz us handcuft with the key thrown away, and that the only way to cut the handcufs iz by the influence of a quasi-official action of an audacious prezident.

Our experience at this moment showz us the weak point in this method, tho. It takes a rather masterful man to make such a stroke, and a masterful man in the office of prezident must necessarily, from the nature of hiz office, hav had a leading pozition in so much tyranny that he wil hav too many wel-earnd enemiz to carry the public with him az would be desirabl. Also political partizanship will do more against him than for him in such a matter.

Wel, suppoze we had no government; suppoze the schoolz wer on a voluntary basis.—what could we do? So long az the schoolz all stuck to the old spelling, we should be right wher we ar now; and it would be half-suicide, often whole suicide, for a school here and there to adopt the new spelling, while the country and the mass of schoolz were clinging to the old. What then? Must we not chooz between having a legislature to co-ordinate the action of the schoolz, and having nothing done?

Not absolutely, for a new dictionary servz to a large

extent the purpose of a legislativ enactment, when all who like ar free to follow it. Still, we do very nearly hav to make the choice between theze two thingz. It doez not follow by a long way that the legislature must be a State one. It iz simply a case of the proposition I supported by so lengthy an articl a few months ago,—that lawz grow up by popular custom without needing a legislator (it haz lately been proved, by the way, that the prezent system of English spelling originated with the printerz of the Bible; the spelling carefully followd in the Bible waz taken az a model by the public), and that, when once formd, they oppoze a dead weight of rezistance to reform for an indefinit time, unless a legislature can be had to abrogate them at a stroke. But the more necessary this iz, the more certain it iz that men wil meet this need by free action, if they ar free to do it. If ther iz need of concerted action of the schoolz, they wil hav their own school congress to giv the word, and it wil be a body of such educated men az thoze who direct the policy of schoolz ought to be. The steps that hav already been taken by bodiz of educatorz make it tolerably certain that, if they had had the system of education in their handz, subject only to the need of pleazing patronz, ther would long since hav been a concerted movement by a large enough body of schoolz to keep each other wel in countenance: and, when once two spellingz ar both familiar, the man on the street wil generally take the simpler. The straitjacket of government hinderz us from developing a natural system of legislation, on each subject by such authoritiz az the nature of the subject may demand,

just az it hinderz us from natural development in everything else. The various half-developt free legislaturez that we hav all around us stop their work at the point where they know the exclusiv power of the State's legislature wil stop them from doing anything effectiv; and we ar left to hav our schoolz regulated by a legislature that waz chozen to regulate factoriz, or our factoriz by a legislature that waz chozen to regulate liquor, or ther iz no end.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.*

DOGBERRY BONAPARTE AND THE "ANARCHIST."

The secretary of our navy delivered in August, before one of the numerous Chautauqua societies, an address on the proper treatment of "Anarchists." The subject was not exactly timely, but it was safer, the audience being what it was, than any topic relating, for example, to the lawlessness of the corporations Teddy is supposed to be fighting with "effect," or to the proposed taxation of incomes swollen beyond all healthy limits.

I have read various reports of the speech, but no paper has reported it in full. If Mr. Bonaparte started out with a definition of Anarchy and Anarchist, that definition has not found its way into print. Our intelligent reporters and editors do not care for definitions; there is nothing "exciting" about them.

Enough was printed, however, to convince the

*Mr. Byington desires to notify the readers of Liberty that he has a new post-office address,—Ballardvale, Mass.

serious student that Mr. Bonaparte's ignorance of the subject of his address is profound and complete. He is as competent to deal with "remedies for Anarchy" as his prototype, Sir Joseph Porter, was to rule "the Queen's navee." From his particularly clumsy and muddled remarks concerning the alleged kinship between Anarchists and Socialists it is perhaps legitimate to infer that what he really objects to is the use and advocacy of violence. When he says Anarchist, he means bomb thrower or physical-force man, and he would hardly make any distinction between the foe of all government who employed force and the enemy of *certain* governments who, in the interest of a particular form of government, State Socialism, employed physical force in a country which permitted agitation and the employment of political and legal means toward changes in government. If Mr. Bonaparte's position is not as I have stated it, then he is even less intelligent than, for the moment, I am disposed to regard him.

Now, if violence, propaganda by deed, is what Mr. Bonaparte would combat, let us see how he proposes to do it.

In the first place, he proposes *not* to abridge freedom of speech. Thanks for this small favor. Still, even in regard to free speech there is a sort of "if." To quote:

> Any abridgment from fear of the Anarchists of that freedom of speech and of the press guaranteed us by our State and Federal constitutions would be neither a wise nor a worthy policy; but these privileges in nowise shield counselors of crime or instigators of disorder and rebellion. A published writing recommending the murder of the chief magistrate and the violent overthrow of the government is a seditious libel at common law, and there is no good reason why the public utterance of spoken words of the same purport should not be made a like offence by statute. It is already a crime to advise a felony or grave misdemeanor if the advice leads to the crime suggested, and there is no good reason why this should not become a substantive offence without regard to its consequences.

This is somewhat vague. Does Mr. Bonaparte suggest a *general* change in the law, making it a substantive offence to advise any felony or grave misdemeanor "without regard to the consequences" of the advice? If so, the proposal does not greatly concern Anarchists. The lawyers should attend to the matter. If he means that the change should be made with regard to revolutionary propaganda alone, he is trying to burst an open door. In what State is a man who advises violence safe? Where do the police and courts stop to ask whether the advice actually led to the deed advocated? Was not Most sent to the penitentiary in relatively liberal New York for reprinting an old article by Heinzen justifying force in the case of tyrants?

Mr. Bonaparte would punish any one who orally or in writing should recommend "the murder of the chief magistrate *and* [italics mine] the violent overthrow of the government." Does the "and" mean "or"? If not, Mr. Bonaparte is again beating the air. It *is* a crime to recommend murder *and* the violent overthrow of the government? If yes, and Mr. Bonaparte would make it a felony to recommend "the violent overthrow of the government" under any and all circumstances, then his pretended devotion to free speech is a mockery. The advocacy of revolution amounts to recommending the violent overthrow of

the government; yet even grave constitutional lawyers recognize the right of revolution. The right to anything one may not mention is a delicious absurdity in the eyes of all men of ordinary sense.

Passing over other muddy and confused paragraphs, I come to our Dogberry's positive suggestions. Here they are:

> On Anarchists the death penalty should be unequivocally imposed by law and inflexibly executed whenever the prisoner has sought, directly or indirectly, to take life. For offences of less gravity I advise a comparatively brief, but very rigorous, imprisonment, characterized by complete seclusion, deprivation of all comfort, and denial of any form of distraction, and a severe, but not public, whipping. The lash, of all punishments, most clearly shows the culprit that he suffers for what his fellow-men hold odious and disgraceful, and not merely for reason of public policy.

On these points it is really beneath the intellectual standards of Liberty to offer any original remarks. Our business here is to take advanced positions, to say what others, even of radical views, will not say or cannot say, rather than to repeat what such others have said. The Bonapartisms just copied have been ridiculed, repudiated, and denounced by scores of American periodicals and newspapers—from the "Public" and the Springfield "Republican" and the New York "Evening Post" down to the New York "Times," the Indianapolis "Star," and the Chicago "Tribune."

Let me quote a few comments:

> Such measures reveal at once the solicitude and confusion that exist in many thoughtful minds on this subject. Of Mr. Bonaparte's remedies, the first is possibly practicable, although to execute would-be assassins could reach the smallest number of dangerous Anarchists. Indeed, the death penalty can hardly serve as a deterrent to over-wrought zealots with the glory of martyrdom in view. As for flogging as a mark of social contempt, the man who is about to overthrow the existing social order is above small personal qualms. The lash, also, might turn a certain number of philosophical Anarchists into the more violent sort. . . . . What most theorists on the subject really want is a cruel and unusual punishment befitting the crime. It does not suffice that the wretches be shut up out of harm's way: they must also be thrashed. If this vengeful policy is to prevail, we do not see why it should not apply all along the Anarchical line. For the violent sort, Mr Bonaparte has provided; be it our part to restrain the more plausible, but equally seditious, philosophic contingent. For Prince Kropotkine, when our immigration officials catch him on his next visit, we propose merely a reprimand, in prison, from the chaplain of the senate. Let the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale say firmly "tut, tut" in token of our national disapproval. For the smaller philosophic fry, we can conceive no more exemplary punishment than compulsory attendance at Mendelssohn Hall, or other temple of the present order, where each should be forced to listen in silence to the reading of all the treatises of all the others. For the youthful sort, we admit corporeal punishment.—*New York Evening Post*.

The presumption of innocence attaches to every defendant. Unless we take away the presumption, we shall find it very difficult to convict an Anarchist, unless there has been some actual overt act in the way of an attempt at murder, or at least a direct incitement and instigation to a particular murder. One can hardly imagine the conviction of an Anarchist simply for being an Anarchist, under laws which would not abridge freedom of speech and of the press. As for whipping, the privacy of the whipping, it seems, would defeat its object of discouraging others. There are two objects in public floggings. One is to punish the man flogged by hurting him. The other is to punish him by degrading him and holding him up to public shame. The latter would be quite as effective as the former as a deterrent, but its effectiveness would be weakened to nothing if nobody saw it done but the officials who did it. Doubtless the stocks or the pillory are disagreeable ordeals. But we do not mean to revive them, even for Anarchists. If the notion be merely to give this particular variety of criminal pain, Secretary Bonaparte ought in consistency to advocate the revival of the

mediæval custom of drawing and quartering as well as of hanging. But it is inconceivable that torture for any offence whatever will again be authorized by American law.—*New York Times.*

There is much to be argued in support of theoretical Socialism and theoretical Anarchy. The so-called principles of these hated schools of thought are to be met with reason and argument, and not with despotic force. The murderous Anarchist is to be punished the same as the murderous any one else. His crime is in his action, and not in his thought. In the free air of liberty theoretical Socialism and theoretical Anarchy can do little harm. Their danger would be multiplied many fold by resort to such severe measures as Mr. Bonaparte advocates. The heavier the hand of tyranny, the more dangerous Anarchy becomes. A good example of this rule is afforded in Russia to-day.—*Indianapolis Star.*

To such comments from conservative organs Liberty contributors can have little to add. One remark is permissible—our Dogberries are as brutal as they are stupid. It's now the fashion to urge the revival of the pillory and the whipping-post: formerly even the official asses would pay tribute to decency and humanity by shallow disclaimers of belief in the efficacy of legal cruelty. At the head of the noble brigade of the neo-barbarians is Roosevelt, "the peace maker," who would bring peace into District of Columbia homes by flogging the wife-beaters of that centre of sweetness and light.

Mr. Bonaparte wound up his address with this moving piece of grandiloquence:

The final and most truly vital condition of success in ridding our country of Anarchism is that American public opinion should recognize the utter emptiness, the inherent folly, of its theory and of all the kindred ready-made furnished-while-you-wait schemes for the social regeneration of mankind. Civilized society, as it exists to-day, is the outcome of all the strivings for

justice and happiness of the human race during thousands of years. What monstrous presumption, what preposterous conceit, for any man, were he the wisest, the most learned, the most justly famed of his own age or of all ages, to imagine that, with but the dim, flickering lights of his own dull, feeble mind and a few imperfect lessons of his own short, ill-spent life to guide him, he could cast down and build up again this incredibly vast, this infinitely complex, fabric, and improve on its structure.

Misdirected wisdom, alas! True Anarchism is not, has not, "a ready-made scheme," and does not purpose to destroy civilization and begin all over again. Mr. Bonaparte might set public opinion an example by making some effort to inform himself as to the theory of Anarchism. Dull as he seems to be, I do not despair of him. Even he may learn to understand the first principles of Anarchism, and realize the ineptitude of his suggestions as to the "remedies" for something that has no organic connection with Anarchism at all—violence and belief in propaganda by deed.

S. R.

THE SLAYER OF WILD BEASTS

[Translated for Liberty]

The grand master of ceremonies of the court extended his brass truncheon toward the victor, and solemnly uttered these words: "Her Majesty the Queen wishes to see you. Follow me."

The victor turned pale and bowed to the ground, and then, without replying, followed the grand master of ceremonies of the court, between two files of armed men, all shining with metallic head-bands and aigrettes which made them look like monstrous beetles. On hearing the royal invitation, as if he had heard his

death-sentence, he thought surely he would faint, for Her Majesty the Queen condescended to summon the hero of the bloody spectacle in order to confer upon him the greatest honor that faithful subject *ought* to desire as a reward for his merits, which prize consisted in the love of the queen, who, by the way, was majestically ugly and old.

Ugly, old, and mad: mad enough, understand, for confinement in a madhouse. Nero and Caligula were eccentrics of no mean order; but the strange humors of the queen of whom I speak would have shocked the modesty, offended the artistic taste, and turned the stomachs of those blood-thirsty men of righteousness. The queen of whom I speak, if she had not been queen, would have occupied a cell in a lunatic asylum. But, as the star of empire looked down upon her little brow, she occupied, instead, the royal palace. A substitution of dwellings which may be observed even at the present day. Imagine, then, what it was in those days. Then, many millenniums ago, the mad queen dwelt in a very sumptuous castle, rich in the grossest confusion of splendors that all parts of the known world could heap up around a crowned and brainless woman, in the shape of tapestries, gold and silver ware, precious stones, etc., etc.; and in this castle and out of it, over leagues and leagues of territory, the crowned and acephalous woman was free to do what she liked, amid the hatred and fear of all her very faithful subjects,—of all without exception, beginning with the prime minister and ending with the fleas on the person of the lowest cleaner of sewers.

All hated her; but all stood in great fear of her:

that is to say, in great fear of the means which she had at her disposal,—hatchets, swords, daggers, poisons, traps, instruments of reign wielded by other persons who cordially hated her whom all hated.

Each hatchet, each sword, each dagger, each poison, each trap would willingly have turned against the gesture of the woman who commanded: but, *vice versa*, each hatchet, each sword, each dagger, each poison, each trap was afraid of all the other poisons, daggers, traps, etc., etc.

The prime minister of the kingdom, for instance, was charged by the queen with no other duty than that of putting on her magnificent sandals studded with rubies and emeralds,—a very great humiliation for so high a dignitary! The prime minister would willingly have slapped the face of his divine mistress with her sandals; but he was afraid of the three prongs of the huge fork brandished by the soldier on guard in the corner of the room, which soldier did not plant his huge fork in the belly of his divine mistress through fear of another huge fork that watched behind the door, or of the death-penalty imposed upon regicide, the enforcement of which the prime minister would not have hesitated to applaud with hands and feet.

Therefore sandal aud huge fork in their places, and blind obedience always and everywhere, even in the spot appointed by Her Majesty for her assignations with the gladiators who pleased her most, these gladiators not daring to protest even in thought, although feeling a mad desire to do so.

The queen went to the arena in a state of semi-nu-

dity calculated to intoxicate. The lascivious windings of the veils with which she was skilfully enwrapped left uncovered the flabby abundance of her arms clasped by multiple rings of golden serpents, and of her yellowish breasts and shoulders iridescent with heavy necklaces. From under her crown, shaped like a Moorish dome, escaped her white hair, like coarse tufts of hemp, and her little round eyes, set in a face whose other features were a flat nose, piggish cheeks, and a double chin, moved about in a sinister fashion, shining in the light like two balls of carnelian. With rings on her toes and bracelets on her ankles, she rested her feet on a fine carpet—Persian, you will say; nothing of the sort; this time Persia is out of it. The carpet on which the queen's bare feet rested was woven of hair, light, dark, ashen, chestnut, cut from the heads of the most beautiful women of the kingdom to punish them for their beauty; and the pretty gradations of its tints were the only note of good taste in the confused sumptuosity of the royal riches.

Among the favorite spectacles of the august lady first place was given to those in which the strength and violence of man were best displayed,—struggles of gladiators and hunts of wild beasts.

Combatants pronounced unequal to their part, whether from accidental or wilful negligence, were turned over to the executioner, who cut off both their hands. If, on the other hand, success favored them, they ran the risk of becoming lovers of the queen.

Between these two evil extremes, the best fate that a gladiator or a hunter of wild beasts could hope for was a giving-up of soul and life in the arena, during

the spectacle.

The hero of whom I spoke at the beginning of this very ancient history had fought two lions without one backward step, and had strangled his formidable adversaries one after the other, receiving nothing but a few slight scratches on his arms and legs. The people had risen in a delirium of applause and covered him with branches of oak and with red roses: the prime minister had touched his hand; and the queen had hastened to send him the grand master of ceremonies of the court, with an escort of twenty soldiers, to bid him approach the throne upon which she was seated.

Over the platform curling waves of aroma rising from censers placed at the sides of the throne diffused themselves in trains of blue smoke slowly floating away. But, in preference to oriental aromas, the queen inhaled the savage stench of the man kneeling at her feet, of the animal-skins that covered his flanks, of his black and woolly hair and beard, and of the marvellous bare torso still quivering from the recent struggle and stained here and there with fresh blood.

The hero pressed his brow upon the first step of the throne, and his hair grazed the queen's feet.

She bent over, extended her arm, and plunged it into this rough, hot mass of hair. Gleams darted faster than ever from the little eyes of the mad woman.

"Till this evening, giant!"

The hero reached the palace doors through atriums, porticos, corridors, and halls, between rows of lances, swords, bows, and tridents lined against both walls to guard the divine inhabitant of this palace, and finally, beside himself and filled with disgust, he drew aside

the *portière* of the chamber.

He found himself plunged in a tepid shade, heavy with perfume, caressed by the violet langour of a lamp. In this sort of voluptuous cavern, amid the phantasmagorical obscurity of the shades and lights, two bright points shone upon a large yellowish mass.

As soon as he appeared, this mass moved, and stretched forth two arms.

The queen, the queen, free of her customary veils, her hair dishevelled, frightful as a fury, invited him with gesture, incited him with words.

"Come, giant! To-day you strangled two lions. And I am the most terrible of lionesses. Come, strangle me too in an embrace of love."

And the hero, mad with terror, mad with anger and disgust, seeing before him nothing but a monstrous thing to be annihilated, sprang with one bound upon the queen, as if she were a wild beast, and strangled her, not in an embrace of love, but in the vice-like grip of his ten victorious fingers.

Then he rushed out of the chamber, shouting: "I have killed the queen; we are free." And the soldier on guard at the door, having automatically lowered his trident, pierced him through and through.

But when the soldier saw the formidable body of the liberator himself stretched at his feet, he seemed as if awakened by a shock, and he appeared at a window, shouting in his turn: "The queen is dead; we are free!"

And the people, who do not look at things so closely, applauded him, and proclaimed him king in place of the dead queen. By this substitution they gained, instead of a mad queen, a king who got drunk every day.

FILIBERTO SCARPELI

A CRITICISM

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have received and examined with great interest and pleasure "Benj. R. Tucker's Unique Catalogue of Advanced Literature." Certainly the catalogue *is* unique. It is an excellent thing for radicals and progressive people generally, and an object-lesson to publishers. The best catalogue of the ordinary pubisher or dealer is merely a dry list. The Tucker catalogue shows "how to do it," and should sell books by the hundred.

But may I be permitted to make a criticism or two?

In the first place, certain omissions, if they are not accidental or temporary, require explanation. Henry James is very poorly represented; the Humboldts not at all. These are illustrations.

In the second place, a good deal of the literature catalogued does *not* make for Egoism in philosophy or Anarchism in politics—if I know the meaning of the phrase "make for."

Examples: Spencer's "Sociology," including "Ethics." Spencer is an "evolutional moralist," not an Egoist, and, of course, his works "make for" the evolutional morality philosophy. Huxley's essays make neither for Egoism nor for Anarchism. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" is distinctly reactionary in tendency. Merejkowski *is* a reactionary—in theology as well as in politics.

No book in the catalogue is without some value or significance, and I do not suggest the dropping of any. But the claim that they all make for Egoism and Anarchism seems to me rather wild.

S. R.

I am thoroughly aware that the title page of my catalogue is not an *exact* characterization of its contents. The nearest approximation to an exact characterization that I can think of is "The Literature that I Particularly Desire to Sell." But such a title, though it certainly would make for egoism, would do little to excite the interest of the public. And the one

that I have chosen is sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

Undoubtedly the catalogue is far from perfect, and any suggestions looking to its improvement are welcome. In response to S. R.'s sympathetic criticisms I have to say:

1. That the catalogue lists only such "advanced literature" in the English language as appears in the catalogues of American publishers or in those of American agents of English publishers. This explains the absence of Wilhelm von Humboldt, Wordsworth Donisthorpe, and many others. As for Henry James, I do not look upon him as an especially emancipating influence. Such books of his as I have listed were chosen largely because of the information and opinions contained in them regarding men who were emancipators. It is my intention to add, later, English works not catalogued in America.

2. That I admit, as already indicated, that some, though not a good deal, of the literature catalogued escapes the limits of the title-page. But, though I plead guilty to this count of the indictment, I dispute the bill of particulars. Spencer's "Sociology" makes decidedly for Anarchism, though not thoroughly Anarchistic, and, on the whole, it makes even for Egoism, though far from thoroughly Egoistic. The sentence which the catalogue quotes from his "Ethics" is sufficient to show it. Huxley is no more consistent than Spencer, but the general tendency of his essays is Egoistic, and, notwithstanding his strictures on "Administrative Nihilism," he is more libertarian than State Socialist. Lecky's "Democracy and Liberty" may be reactionary in tendency, but his criticisms of democracy are of distinct value to Anarchism. As for Merejkowski, I have catalogued only his work on Tolstoi, finding myself largely sympathetic with the author's contrast of Dostoievski with Tolstoi to the disadvantage of the latter.

By way of conclusion, I may say to S. R. that, if all the four hundred authors figuring in my catalogue were out-and-out champions of Egoism and Anarchism, there would be little occasion for the further publication of Liberty. T.

THE CZAR'S STRANGE VISITOR

[Le Masque Rouge in L'Action]

Nicholas II saw a strange little man enter his apartments. He looked like a hobgoblin. A big round head, in which were set a pair of emerald eyes, and in which a large mouth opened wide in a perpetual grin. In his right hand he carried a small box, and under his left arm a very long box, resembling in its dimensions the old clocks that sound the lugubrious hours in the fantastic tales of Anne Radcliffe. The czar arose, frightened.

"Fear nothing, Sire," whispered the strange little man. "I mean you no harm."

And, still laughing, he opened the small box. He took from it a sort of thermometer, which he placed on the czar's table.

"I have invented this," said he. "This tube contains a little blood, mysteriously prepared. Every time a crime is committed by the Terrorists, the blood rises in the tube. I offer it to you."

The czar had resumed his seat. Then the little man opened the large box. Another thermometer appeared, ten feet high. He stood it in front of the autocrat.

"This too I have invented," he continued. "This enormous tube likewise contains blood. Every time you commit a crime, the blood rises in the tube. I make you a present of it."

And the little man disappeared.

Filled with curiosity over the mystery, the czar watched the smaller tube for a long time. From time to time there were brief agitations, hardly perceptible. In the tube the red liquid

rose a little. At that moment, doubtless, some Terrorist was staking his life on a bomb. An assassin general had just been executed. The czar trembled with anger and shuddered with fear.

But suddenly a frightful noise made him jump. In the large tube the red liquid was boiling, beating violently against the sides of the tube, as waves beat against a cliff. Are not the crimes of czarism the realization of perpetual motion? Not a minute passes but some Russian creature is tortured. The "pogroms" strew the city streets with corpses. Blood flows ceaselessly under the thongs of the knout. A ukase of the czar is nothing but a bomb that explodes a hundred thousand times.

In a rage Nicholas overturned the tube. The little man reappeared.

"What!" he sneered. "It exasperates you to see your crimes boil thus! You willingly consent to watch the mote in the eye of the Terrorist, but you refuse to look longer at the beam that fills your own,—a beam as thick as a gallows!"

And with these words, picking up his tubes, the strange visitor disappeared again.

BERNARD SHAW ON GERMAN SOCIALISM

[Berliner Tageblatt]

A lively feud has arisen between the English and German Social Democracy. In the latest issue of the "Sozialistischen Monatshefte" James Ramsey Macdonald publishes an article in which he reproaches the German Social Democracy with imperfect understanding of the English Labor Party and its methods, deplores the antagonism between Social Democracy and labor unions, and fears a serious split in the international movement from the prevailing misunderstandings between German and English Social Democracy. An episode in this interesting feud was furnished by the criticism which Bernard Shaw, the famous Irish Socialist and successful writer, launched against German Social Democracy in an interview with Frau Lily Braun on the occasion of the trip to England made by German journalists, a criticism with the publication of which in her "Neue Gesellschaft" Lily Braun took revenge for the amiable

attentions of the "Vorwärts." Shaw had expressed himself as follows:

The German party is *too reactionary* for me. And the proof is that the "Vorwärts," after frequently and urgently inviting my co-operation, rejected the article which I contributed on the ground that it was too radical. I think there is still too much of *a spirit of anarchistic sectarianism* in the party, which obscures its view for large political aspects.

The "Vorwärts" made the following rejoinder:

We do not know that Shaw really expressed himself in this manner. But, if he did, Mr. Shaw is laboring under a strange *self-delusion*. He was indeed invited, by the former political editor of the "Vorwärts,"—whether frequently and urgently, we cannot say,—to contribute to its columns, and he sent an article on the occasion of the May celebration; but this was rejected, not because the editor considered it as too "radical," but because it was too "philistine" and because Mr. Shaw criticised in it the attitude of German Social Democracy in reference to the tariff bill of the government.

In answer to this Mr. Shaw sends the "Berliner Tageblatt" an explanation, which is sufficiently interesting to warrant its publication in literal translation here.*

It reads:

Dear Sir:

I regret to trouble you with a justification and an explanation which may seem to you more available for the Social-Democratic press than for the columns of your paper. But, if I should attempt to explain myself in a German *Social-Democratic* paper, one of two things would happen: *my letter would either be suppressed* because it contains ideas *which are more modern than those of the year 1848*, or it would be *translated falsely*, because the opinions expressed in it would strike a German Social Democrat as incredible and incomprehensible.

*It is possible that Mr. Shaw's letter was written originally in English, and translated into German by the "Tageblatt." If, in having it "clawed back" into English, as Mark Twain would say, I have done Mr. Shaw any injustice, I humbly beg his pardon. And right here I may express a suspicion that Mr. Shaw is not responsible for the extraordinary profusion of italics and small capitals. Probably these are due to inability of the editor of the "Tageblatt" to overcome the execrable typographical habits that prevail among his countrymen.—EDITOR.

Would you therefore have the kindness to furnish me an opportunity to inform the Berlin public through your paper that my friend Frau Lily Braun *misunderstood me* when she assumed that I expressed my regret on account of the German Social Democracy being anarchistic. I hasten to declare that the German Social Democracy *is free not only of Anarchism*, but practically also *free of Socialism*. *The German Social-Democratic party is the most conservative*, the most respectable, the most moral, and the *most bourgeois party in Europe*. Its representation in the reichstag is no crude party of deed, but a *pulpit* from which *men of respectable age and with old ideas preach impressive sermons* at a degenerate capitalistic world. Their loyalty to their *infallible, omniscient prophet*, Karl Marx, and their faith in his book, "the Bible of the working classes," reveal them in our skeptical age in the light of *exemplars of simple faith and simple piety*. With millions of votes at their disposal, *they resist the allurements of ambition and the substantial advantages* which go with *public office*, and describe those who turn from the joys of virtuous indignation to the work of practical administration and the responsibilities of office as renegades and traitors. To describe these high-minded men as Anarchists, *or to fear them as revolutionaries*, would argue the densest ignorance in regard to their true character and their parliamentary attitude. Almost they alone hold aloft in Europe the flag of the ideal (as Ibsen expresses it), and, if their devotion to this abstract task incapacitates them for anything else, this fact ought surely to weigh in their favor most powerfully among those who would maintain the existing order of German society.

The feud between the London Fabian Society and the German Social-Democratic party is very old. Many years after the founding of the Fabian Society in 1884 the only English Socialist who was recognized by the German leaders as a genuine Marxian was at the same time unfortunately also a notorious *scoundrel*, who, of course, explained the fact of his ill repute by saying that *all other English Socialists were frauds*. Since he was supported in this by Friedrich Engels, the German leaders accepted his statement with the customary pious credulity. Friedrich Engels was a most lovable and respectable old gentleman, who was so completely outside of the party movement that his pet joke consisted in detailing the fact that, besides the Marx family, the above-mentioned scoundrel was the only English Socialist who knew him by sight. Later this scoundrel was exposed by a tragic catastrophe which would have opened the eyes of any party less fossilized than the Marxian following; but

it exerted no influence worth mentioning in the way of an improvement of the relations between the German party and English Socialism. The Social-Democratic newspapers write about the Fabian Society at the present day precisely in the same way as formerly, when they were duped by Engel's bodyguard. Liebknecht indeed made an attempt to straighten out the matter, by speaking in a meeting of the Fabian Society in London, *but he also was too much of a fossil to comprehend that*, as regards economic and social theory as well as parliamentary and administrative usage, *English Socialism had left German Socialism far in the rear*.

In regard to myself, *my only difference with the German Social Democrats is that I do not agree with them*. I AM NOT A MARXIAN. I AM NOT A DARWINIAN. I AM NOT A MATERIALIST. I AM NOT A DOGMATIST. I DENY absolutely THE EXISTENCE OF A CLASS STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE PROLETARIAT AND THE CAPITALISTS, and contend, on the contrary, that *millions of proletarians stand ready to defend unto death the conception of "surplus value,"* because *they are just as dependent on it as their employers*. I will not be duped by the literary and journalistic genius of Marx, *because I am myself a literary genius and a journalist*, and it is not necessary to be moreover an economic genius in order to perceive that *in the domain of abstract economic theory Marx was a* SOCIALIST who harmed the movement he had called into life by the mistakes he made, and whose borrowed "theory of value" *would have become fateful to Socialism* if it had not fortunately been driven from the field by the works of Menger and the Austrian school in Germany, of Walras in Switzerland and France, and of Ruskin and Jevons in England. I am a Socialist who *aims to subdue political power through Socialism in precisely the same way in which it is now done through capitalism*. I do not object to Socialists filling public offices; on the contrary, if it were proposed *to make* HERR BEBEL EMPEROR AND HERR SINGER CHANCELLOR, and if they declined the offer "on principle," *I should attribute it to their incapacity*, which in my eyes can never be a point of excellence. And I hold this view with regard to the lesser offices which might now easily be filled by Socialists.

Under these circumstances I am maligned by the German Social-Democrats as a heretic, a slanderer, and a *bourgeois*. I regret this, for personally I like my German comrades, and I have done my best to enlighten them. But I must remind them of Ferdinand Lassalle's reply to the pedant. "You are at a disadvantage if you quarrel with me," he said; "if you call me an ignoramus, everybody will laugh at you. If I call you one,

everybody will believe me." I fear my German comrades will incur the same disadvantage if they should be rash enough to assure Europe that I am only a *bourgeois*.

Yours sincerely,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

GERMANY SANCTIONS THE BOYCOTT

Our American courts have something to learn from those of Germany, as may be seen from the following decision rendered by the Tribunal of the Empire in a suit for damages brought by the bakers of Kiel against the instigators of a boycott:

1. The use of the boycott or the strike, in a struggle for higher wages, is not illegal. Employers, therefore, are not entitled to indemnification for damage resulting therefrom.

2. A trade union which threatens to expel those of its members who refuse to take part in such a struggle does not come under Section 153 of the industrial code, which visits the penalty of imprisonment on all who, by violence or intimidation, seek to induce other persons to take part in struggles for higher wages.

3. The party which seeks to obtain higher wages by the use of means legitimate in themselves does not come under Section 153 when it announces in advance that it will make use of such means and seeks thus to influence in advance the issue of the conflict.

4. Workmen are not guilty of conduct contrary to good morals in seeking, in such cases, to enlist public opinion on their side by means of pamphlets or newspaper articles.

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN OFFENBACH

One of our friends, Mr. B., has a pretty suburban villa, in Pontoise. Every night for a month past some house in the vicinity has been visited by burglars. Mrs. B., becoming frightened, went to the magistrate to voice her fears that her turn would come.

"Why, certainly," answered the amiable magistrate, with a pleasant smile; "you may expect it. I even think it will come soon."

"Well, what then?"

"Well, what would you have me do? We are pretty sure of the identity of the malefactors; there are at least a dozen of them. But, to arrest them, we must catch them in the act. Now, we have only four policemen. So we are obliged to let them alone. Yet wait a bit; let me give you a piece of advice. Insure yourself against theft; that is the best course possible."

Men are stupid. This is easily to be seen when we view them individually. It is seen still more clearly when we watch them acting collectively.—*J. Cornely.*

A CALL

On the twenty-fifth of October it will be one hundred years since Johann Caspar Schmidt, immortal as Max Stirner and the author of the work "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum," was born; and in the present year the wish of his admirers has again been expressed to me that, like the house where he died and his grave, the house where he was born, at Bayreuth, be marked by a memorial tablet.

As the last thing that I can do in behalf of Stirner's memory, I comply with this wish, and herewith invite all who are friendly to it to send a small contribution to the publisher, Richard Schuster, of the firm of Schuster & Löffler, Berlin W., Bülowstrasse 107, who, as the publisher of my Stirner biography, has consented to act as treasurer.

A small contribution—for no considerable sum is contemplated. The expenses, fourteen years ago, of marking the house in which Stirner died with a memorial tablet (Berlin NW., Philippstrasse 19), amounted to less than two hundred marks. A similar sum will suffice for the realization of this new wish.

It might be raised easily and exclusively through the coöperation of the friends of Stirner known to me, but I should not like to deprive any of his admirers, so numerous at the present time, of participation in this last outward show of honor.

On account of high advertising rates I shall not make any public accounting this time, but every participant, as well as every one who may send me a request for it, will receive from me a detailed report after the completion of the work.

JOHN HENRY MACKAY.

Autumn, 1906,
Berlinerstrasse 144, Berlin-Charlottenburg.

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NIMROD AND THE LAW

[Henry Maret in Le Journal]

One cannot too much admire the omnipotence of the Law, when at dawn on the day of the opening of the hunting season one witnesses a rush to the shop-windows of all varieties of game. Some skeptics, belonging to that class of people which nothing can ever satisfy, harbor the reflection that, as this game had to be killed before it was sold, it must have been supplied by poachers, and that it is as stupid to permit the sale of game at the very moment of the opening of the season as to forbid it at the very moment of the closing. One should not listen to these profaners of the laws. For my part, I prefer to believe that this divinity, the Law, bears within itself an omnipotent virtue, and that it needs but a few lines in the "Journal Officiel" to cause a precipitate scramble into the shops of hares, partridges, and pheasants, who would blush not to submit promptly to the legislation of their country.

And it is very fortunate that this is so. For otherwise what would become of the poor hunters, who, having paid dear for the privilege of circulating on the highways, where they meet nothing but automobiles, would be obliged to return to their homes with empty game-bags, if they did not find by the way obliging shopkeepers who take pleasure in doing them honor by a reasonable filling of their pouches?

For this reason the hunters do very wrong to complain of the poachers and to exhibit toward them a revolting ingratitude. Thanks to the cruelty of the laws, if there were no one to violate them, very few people could eat rabbit.

Bear in mind, indeed, that the hunters may be divided into two classes: the great hunters, those who have fine and well-guarded hunting grounds, who kill game by the thousand, and who, as a rule, not being fond of it, give it away to their friends; and the little hunters, who wander about lamentably on

Sunday in search of a chimerical hare, which is a singular use to make of the dominical rest.

Under these circumstances the majority of the human race would be deprived of the pleasure of tasting a hare-stew but for their saviours, the poachers, sole purveyors of our tables, at which, moreover, willingly sit the constables whose duty it is to pursue and arrest them.

LIFE

As a cloud is blown from the mountains,
And driven away to the sea,
So the currents of life, 'mid humanity's strife,
Are ever cross-purposing me.

I rise to the mountains of pleasure,
To be hurled to the caverns of pain;
Then day by day I struggle away
To the beckoning mountains again.

"Our lives are what we make them,"
Some say—with eyes "on high."
If that were so, we'd surely know
Whence we evolved, and why.

Their lives disprove the saying,
For they're constantly tossed about
'Twixt hope and fear, and, while they're here,
They're swayed by endless doubt.

We're born, and we live, and we perish,
Without "By your leave" being said;
And merciless Fate drives us on to the gate
That separates living from dead:

And those "gone before" never utter
A word to their friends on this side;
While Fate laughs aloud at the yammering crowd
As she pushes us into the tide

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That whirls us along to the rapids
Which carry us over the brink.
"Where to?" is the cry, but there comes no reply
As into the darkness we sink.

The answer is always denied us,
And all we can do is to grope—
Those filled with "the faith" holding fast to their wraith,
While we "unbelievers" just hope.

We *hope* there may be something better,
But we *know* that life's facts must be met;
And, cry as we may for a chart of our way,
No answer can anyone get.

W. W. Catlin.

CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK

[Atlanta Georgian]

To the Editor of the Georgian:

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